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NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS

MR. H. C. SNYDER, 25 Park Row, New York, is the GLOBE-REPUBLIC's special representative, whom all Eastern advertising business, must be referred.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 10.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor JOSEPH B. FORAKER. Of Hamilton County. Lieutenant Governor: ROBERT P. KESNEDY. Of Logan County.

Supreme Court Judge : GEORGE W. MCLEVAINE. Of Tuscarawas County.

State Treasurer: JOHN C. BROWN. Of Jefferson County,

JACOR A. KOHLER, Of Sammit County.

Board of Public Works:

WELLS S. JONES, Of Pike County, Common Pleas Judge

JOSEPH W. O'NEALL. O! Warren County.

State Senator: THOMAS J. PRINGER. Of Clarke County.

The best results for the prohibition of the liquor traffic has come not by a third party, but by action outside of party lines

St. John declared that the Democratic party has done more for prohibition than the Republicans. This will be news to the saloon men.

The colored people as a body are true to the Republican party that was true to the colored man in times when it tried men's souls to befriend a negro in any

Gov. Hoadly is very solicitous that President Cleveland should work faster and to better purpose in Ohio before the Governor gives his consent to make the race against Foraker.

The steamer Gallia, with S. S. Cox and ex-Senator Conkling on board, after some difficulty at sea has reached port in salety -and this end of the universe has not tipped up either, to any considerable extent.

There is nobody to lead the Democracy in Ohio but Hoadly, and our own John T. Norris now occupies that statesman fully with that railroad policeman business. The Ohio Democracy is waiting for our John to get through.

There is a law requiring foreign consuls of the United States to run up the American flag on the Fourth of July, but it remained for the present Democratic interim of government to make such a law appear necessary in our own country.

A threshing machine man is the new Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Ohio. There is a certain appropri-ateness about this.—New York Tribune.

Captain Bushnell, the gentleman al luded to, is a reaper and mower man. He will cut down the Bourbons and bind them up so "tight" that they can not peep.

It is remarkable that Secretary Lamar who was so faithful to the memory of the deceased Jake Thompson as to lower the flag on the Interior Department at his death, was not so particular in regard to hoisting the flag the Fourth of July, when the city of Washington, otherwise, was gay with bunting.

The GLOBE-REPUBLIC acknowledges, hereby, the invitation to attend the cere monies of laying the corner stone of the Miami county new court house at Troy, O., Thursday, July 16, 1886. This is to be a grand gala day for old Miami county and the new court house is said to be one that will be a credit to the county.

General James M. Comly, of the Toledo Commercial-Telegram, ought to know better than to speak of the Springfield Gronz-Rz-ruanc as the Globe-Democrat. It Mears, Kinney and Nichols want blood, they might say something about the Commercial-Tele-phone.—Columbus Dispatch.

It was merely a slip of General Comly's very graceful pen, and we shall not even call his paper a Tell-lie-gram.

There seems to be considerable discussion in the public prints just now concerning the Indian lands. We are personally in favor of the Indians having land, say a piece about six feet by three with a deep hole in it.—O. S. Journal.

The jolly cow-boys are the self constituted, rollicking and supremely particular Indian land agents under the above con-

Just as soon as President Cleveland fills the Ohio offices with Democrats according to promise, and can lay his index finger upon the identical spot where he can, with a revenue contingent and with a satisfactory degree of assurance, place Governor Hoadly after the election, the latter gentleman will consent to make the race against Foraker. What the acute Governor wants is a safe "fall back" when Foraker becomes Governor of Ohio.

The President has laid down a rule for making appointments that may embarrass him when they come to the Republican Senate for approval. He has stultified himself in his effort to save the appear ance of acting under the civil service rules by removing Republican officials for active participation in politics, and filling their places with Democrats equally active in politics, but as Democrats. Can a Republican Senate admit of "offensive partisan" Democrats? It is a poor rule that will not work both ways.

Say what you will regarding the Ohio Re-publicans, they have herve. They didn't go around begging the Ohio Democrats to reerse the order of the party conventions .-

True! The Democrats should have had he nerve and the courtesy-as they are in power-to hold their convention first and put their ticket in the field. But they didn't. They wanted a late convention and a short campaign. The Republicans, however, decided to hold their convention at the usual time, to nominate their ticket and frame their platform, and let their twin adversaries-the Democrats and the 'Prohibs"-make the most of them

"The two ex-Contederate soldiers at Sal Lake, who insisted that the flag should be run to the top of the mast on the 4th inst., have three cheers, mentally of every per-son in this neck of woods."—Columbus Dis-

patch.
"It is a pity those Confederate soldiers had not been in Washington on the Fourth of July. They might have had the flags run up on the Interior and Attorney General Departments. —Commercial Gazette.

Then they could have gone to Colum bus and helped Gov. Hoadly run up a flag on the State house. They could have also, gone down to Cincinnati and assisted our Democratic friends to hono? the old flag on the public buildings in that city The ex-Confederates, it seems, can yet teach northern Democrats lessons in loy alty and respect for the old flag.

A Prohibition central committeeman writes the Plain Dealer that he is in favor of s joint debate between Foraker and Leonard, out goes further and wants a triangular dis-cussion. We are willing to accept that, too, but we maist that as the Democrats have no candidate in the field now for governor that the debate should, at present, be confined to the Republicans and Prohibitionats, who seem to be at deadly odds.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ab, we see! The object of the Democrats is to have the Republicans and partizan Prohibitionists lock horns, and the Democrats will slip in and take the election. The Republicans, however, are onto to that game and while we are determined that no honest Republican shall blindly waste his vote upon the Prohibi tion candidates, we shall also be ready for

If it should appear just at present that we are giving too much attention to the partisan Prohibitionist it should be remen bered that it is the only chance we may have to show up the real intent of that affair. Then again by the time we get through this "wall of gauge" attempted to be thrown around the Democratic party in Ohio, that party will probably be kind enough to make its appearance in its organized capacity, because we have particular business with that party as a party and it may as well come forth at once. The opposition of the partisan Prohibitionists to the Republican party is so bluntly and coarsely defined that there can be no mistaking it, and we shall be better fitted to strangle the whole combination when the main body and the annex appear in the field before us.

ST. JOHN.

The fragrance of St. John's utterances still scent the air that surrounds the new Wigwam. This is what he said, in this city. Wednesday evening, July 1:

This attempt of the Republican party t keep up sectional hate should be frowned down. All the war issues are dead. The negroes of the South have the right of the bailot. Of my own personal observation and knowledge I assert that the social and political civilization of Danville, Va, and of Co-piah County, Miss., is as high and as credit able as in any localities in the United States and that the charge that there is any bull zing, fraud, intimidation or violence at the polls there is false.

Further comment than that we have already made on this utterance is hardly needed. Indeed, an intelligent person has only to read it to see that it is grossly false. St. John must have known that it was so. He states of his own knowledge that "the social and political civilization of Danville, Virginia, and Copish county, Mississippi, is as "high and as creditable" as in any localities in the United States-and yet in both localities men were murdered in cold blood because they persisted in voting the Republican ticket! This is not our assertion but historical fact, that cannot be disputed, except by a knave or an idiot. There is no possible doubt of the facts, and St. John in using this language makes himself as ridiculous as he is contemptible. This is the fellow who assumes to be a great moral leader and who, in his speech of Wednesday night, tried to sneer at Rutherford B. Hayes, a man whose shoes he is not worthy to black! And shall we not judge the party itself by the conduct

Elly wheth Zane

This diamtiess pioneer maden's name is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame; She was the lassic who knew no fear When the tomahawk gleamed on the far Trentier.
If deeds of during should win renewn,
Let us inner this damse, of Wheeling town,
Who bravied the savage with deep destain.—
Itight-yes, buxon, E. Endeth Zame.

I was more than a hundred years ago, her were class beset by the direky for, her had spent of provide their scanty, and who should the granufest run for the he spents to the portal and should de-lik better a girl than a man should de-y less would be but the garrison's gain nour the gate! said Bizanteth Zate.

The powder was sixty yards away, Around bor the foemen in ambush lay; As she darded from shelter they guzed with awe. Then wildly shouted, "a squaw:" "a squaw:" She neither sweeved to the left or right, swift as an antelope's was her flight.
'Quick! Open the door!' she creed, amain,
'For a hope forlorn! 'T is Elizabeth Zane.''

No time had she to waver or walt. No time had see to waver of wair, Black she must go ere it be too late; She snatched from the table its cloth in haste And knotted it deftly about her waist, Then filled it with powder—never, I ween, Had powder so lovely a magazine; Then, scorning the bollets, a deadly rain, Like a startled fawn, fied Elizabeth Zane.

Strong hands fastened the oaken gate; Brave men's eyes were suffused with tears That had there been strangers for man

From filnt-rock rifles again there sped Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead. And the war-whoop sounded that day in vain. Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere. A man, on horseback, with naught to fear; Nor of old John Burns, with his beli-crowned He'd an army to back him, so what of that? Here's to the heroine, plump and brown, Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town! Hers is a record without a stain,— Beautiful, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

-John S. Adams, in Letter-box, St. Nichol-as for July.

FOR THE SAKE OF HIS HAIR.

How a Young Frenchman's Vanity Saves Him from Being Hanged.

The other day I was standing on the coulevard, watching with no little interest the new graduates from the mili-tary school at St.-Cyr. Among them I noticed struggling along with elastic step, a young officer of dragoors who was evidently wearing his uniform of Sub-Lieutenant for the first time. His tunic was without a wrinkle, his epauets without a speck of dust, and his fatigue-cap, tipped knowingly to one side, showed, though his light hair was still very short, that there has been an attempt to part it in the back. This reminded me forcibly of the experience of Maxime de L. -- an old messmate of nine when I myself was at St. Cyr. He was a big Breton, tall, strong as an ox, and with curly yellow hair. He had, so far as we knew, but one orrow, and that to be obliged to wear his golden locks cut as short as short as old Jousse could clip them. In tact, like many of his countrymen. Max attached a peculiar importance to this hair of his, and argued that to show one's ears in their conspicuous nakedness was a wort of degradation. Be sides, there was a certain consin, Yolande de Precy-Bussac, in whose pres-ence he rather liked to look his best. It was in vain that he had found an artistic barber, who every Sunday went over with curling-irons the quarter of an inch of hair that the law allowed. He was ashamed of himself and it was with real delight that he hailed the approach of his second year, when discipline is relaxed to the point of allowing the hair to be worn a little longer, provided the temples are bare. "Think of it!" he said to me one day with childish delight, "In two months I shall be at Trouville. I shall be an officer, and free to do as I choose. can loaf ail day on the beach and dance the german with my cousin Yolande in he added, lifting se evening; and, his cap under which a thick mat of hair was already curling. "I shall have my

One unincky morning, however, Infantry-Lieut. Pichard, during inspection on parade, stopped short in front of Max. "Take off your cap!" Max shuddered and slowly obeyed. "Very good. If all that isn't off by to-morrow, you shall have four days in the guard-house"-and he continued his inspection.

"So you are to be sandpapered after all, Max," I said when parade was "Not a bit of it," he replied; "do

you suppose I'm going to give up?"
"What can you do about it?" "I don't know. I shall use strata I shall move heaven and earth,

but I intend to keep my hair." The next morning we worked hard with brushes and water until we had smoothed out his rebellious curis and flattened them out quite presentably. On parade, however, Max seemed very nervous. Pickard might have forgot ten. No, here he was now, coming slowly along with his hands behind his back, and, as the day before, he stopped before Max and made him lift his can. Surprised at first by his skill. ful plastering, he proceeded to stroke the top of my poor friend's head the wrong way, when the obnoxious curls

at once reappeared, stiffer and more obstinate than ever. "Adjutant! Put down De L. for four days in the guard-house!"

At the end of the fourth day Max mixed an intricate combination of colors in a saucer and decorated his knee with a wash of blue-green representing a serious contusion. He averred that his horse had knocked him against one of the posts in the riding-school, and good-natured Dr. Pouiliac reported him ill-a gain of another day. next day, on parade, a new inspection, and this time eight days in the guard-house. Max took his punishment like a stole, and when he reappeared the ninth day got two weeks more, followed by a special report to the General. Still he had only one month longer to hold out, and remained obstinate, finding that at this rate he was risking his epaulets, he again consulted the worthy doctor, who this time sent him

to the infirmary. He had begun to entertain serious thoughts of giving in, when one day, the 14th of July, 1870, a tremendous cheer was heard in the court yard outside, followed by thunders of applause. The invalids rushed to the windows, when a scene of the wildest disorder met their eyes. Through the windows were flying topographical charts, sketches and books—caps were whiriing in the air, and the noise was growing louder every moment. All at once the door opened and an almost breath-

less adjutant cried:
"Order; war is declared. Those in their second year are commissioned Sub-Lieutenants by imperial decree of

Never was there such a spectacle.
All the sick were instantly cured.
Tearing off their nightcaps, shouting, singing, leaping, the 'invalids' rushed down into the court-yard, where they were received with frantic congratula-tions by their companions. Officers! They were officers! No examination rank list. An Adjutant merely and character of the men it puts at the like to serve—the service to begin in three days time. Amidst the general

good humor Pichard alone remained gloomy. "Well, so we are not to be clipped after all," Max said to him.

'my dear brother-in-arms."
"You may consider yourself lucky," sappy in being a Lieutenant, and havbesides, one cause of satisfaction that his comrades had not-a head of hair.

Two days afterwards he presented himself at Lille to Col. Tournecourt of the Thirtieth Dragoons, who received him cordially and remarked. "You are just in time. Your epaulets won't have to wait long for the baptism of fire, for we start in a few days for the Max was much surprised on going to

ness the next morning to find that the others had without exception had their hair cut off short. "What has happened to you all?" he asked. "My young friend," said the President, "in a campaign one must simplify one manner of life. Full beard and haircomb and razor suppressed. In the morning a simple touch of the brush and there you are!

"Without mentioning," added a bald-headed old sergeaut," "that it's the only way of preserving the hair under the helmet."

Max received this good advice with all due deference, but inwardly re-solved not to follow it. The war might be a short one, and what would Yo-lande think of her handsome cousin when he came back deprived of his chief ornament?

The regiment set out for Metz and camped before the Mazelle Gate. At the table his messmates criticised his eurly head. "Wait until you have worn the helmet a week," they said. The week passed—a week under the oldfashioned tiger-skin helmet that was vorn at the time—and Max not only did not lose a hair; but it grew, on the contrary, thicker and stronger than

The 16th of August the Thirtieth was drawn up at about four in the after-noon before the bell-tower of Mars-la Tour, Max's company being on the right. Suddenly, not more than 300 yards in front, they saw retreating toward them the Second French Hussars

pursued by the Prussian dragoons. "First squadron-forward-march!" cried Col. Tournecourt. In that one moment Max seemed to see before him his father, his good mother, his cousin Yolande—every one who had loved him. Then, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped forward. The Prussian dragoous recoiled and the Colonel ordered a rally, but Max incautiously became separated from his men. His chin-straps had been severed by a sword blow, letting his helmet roll to the ground, when four Prussian cavalrymen started in his pursuit. Max stopped two of them with his pistol. and would have succeeded in making good his escape had not a third seize him by the hair and given him a sabre stroke that luckily struck flat and only stunned him. His horse, mad with fright, made a terrific leap and carried its master back to his company, bleed ing and unconscious, but alive. Anv one else after an accident of this sort would have gone at once to the barber of the regiment, but he was in no wise frightened by this debut-which had, for that matter, the happy result of placing him in a better light in the eyes of his comrades-and he remained

as woolly as a sheep.

Nevertheless he instinctively felt that it was impossible to hold out alone with impunity against a universal military custom, and that he must do something to make up for it.

The 18th, at St. Privat, the regiment was drawn up by echelons behind the poplars along the Saarbruck road; the hells were failing so thick as to set the trees on fire. The position was no longer tenable.

"Sacrebleu!" cried the Colonel, "we oust have some air. One platoon of kirmishers-whichever is ready first! Max at once ordered up his men and crossed to the other side of the poplars o the face of a deadly fire of mitrailleuse. The enemy, surprised by this movement, thought the whole regiment was charging the batteries, and ceasing their fire retreated at full speed. One division was obliged to leave its gun. Max, leading a dozen of men, charged the gunners and cut them down, whilst the terrified drivers es-caped with the horses. Two more were brought and hurriedly harnessed to the carriage and the gun was tri-umphantly drawn behind the French

The Colonel, delighted at such an exhibition of bravery, that very night proposed Max for the Cross for the

egion of Honor. The 25th of August, when on scouting duty, he surprised an infantry picket and brought back ten prisoners. The 31st, at the Village of Coincy, he and his men held their own for twentyfive minutes, on foot against a whole company of Prussians. You may be sure that no one laughed now at the long-haired Breton, or, as he was more popularly known in the Army of Metz. "the Shaggy Dragoon." But the last days of the seige were at hand. The 22d of October Metz capitulated. It was hard to surrender and go passive ly into Germany while there still remained a chance of striking a blow or two in France. The 23d Max was to give his word of honor not to try to escape under penalty of imprisonment. He went to Gen. C., confided to him his scheme of passing the lines, and re-ceived a letter from him for Gen. de Paladines advising him that the army of Frederick Charles, set at liberty by the capitulation of Metz, would in a few days attack the Army of the Loire. He then hurried to the hotel of the Faisan Dore, disguised himself with a blouse and wide straw hat, and taking on his arm a backet of eggs set out calmly toward the Prussian lines. "O course" thought he, "I run the risk of being shot on the spot, but even that is

better than rotting away in Germany."
He did not go far. His explanations to the first German sentinel who chal-lenged him not being deemed satisfac-tory, he was brought before the assembled officers of the regiment, who, to say the least, did not have the air of men favorably disposed toward the

pseudo-peasant.
"Where do you come from?" demanded the Colonel, frowning.
From Ladonchampa I am going to Grigy to carry egga."
You know well enough that this is

no time to be carrying eggs across the country. "Poor men cannot choose their time," replied Max. The officers consulted. His hands were very white for a peasant's, and there was something a peasant's, and there was something in his bearing that did not suggest a man used to stooping and tilling the ground. "All this is very clear," said the Colonel. "Take the man away, and if he doesn't speak to-morrow morning, give him the usual twelve bullets."

The soldiers were about to execute

Major in gold spectacles cried: "Gentlemen! allow me. I think we

are about to commit an injustice. This man is evidently a peasant. A French "For I should not have let you off," and they shook hands. Max burriedly packed his trunk and took the train, clipped close." "That's true," added several officers. The Major was an old campaigner. The Colonel fixed piercing eye a moment on Max's stolid countenance, and, not finding the slightest trace of emotion, said. "Give him a passport and let him go and be hanged somewhere else.

A week afterward Max reached the

Army of the Loire, handed his letter to the Commander-in-Unief, and was straightway made a Lieutenant. Three months later be took the rank of Cap-tain, and wherever there was work to do Max was to be found foremost among the defenders of his country. The bitter war with Prossia came to an end: the bearded Teutons marched past the Arc de l'Etoile, down the Champs-Eiysees, and then retired. The long siege was over, but another danger menaced Paris. The Government was overthrown, but no new force had aken its place, when the Communards, the social offscourings of the great Capital, rose and for a time defied the feeble and uncilieered police. Among the assaulting column from Versailles was Max, feeling bimself aiready an old soldier, and all his ideas as a loyal Breton and a professional soldier outraged at the idea of this order and revoit against constituted authority There was some sharp fighting from street to street, and after the capture to take his dismounted men, and clear out a certain avenue leading toward the hill of Montmartre. Fired at from a barricaded house, Max ordered its capture, and, the great doors being battered down, himself led the way. Within were captured a number of prisoners, men and women of the lowest type, drunken wretches who had selped to fire the public buildings and museums. In one room gnarded by a haglike petroleuse was found an elderly gentleman, from whom half the clothing had been torn, and a fair young girl half dead with terror and suspense.

As the young officer entered she rose and with a wild cry of "Maximel" fell fainting in the arms of her companion, an uncle to whom she had been sent

for supposed safety.

We were dining with Max the other day in the pretty sebarban home he and his wife, the far consur Volande, object of his earliest love, now make so

eferming.
"Yes," said the young soldier, "I found myself at two-and-twenty a Cap-tain and decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, all because I would not have my mar cut, and that was because I wished to look my lest in the pretty eyes of Madame yonder

who has deigned to take pity on me."
"Ah, yes," returned the fair Yolande, "his hair is levely—but, if it were not that it might make him too vain, I could tell you in confidence I would have been glad to marry my Max if he had had no more bair than the Abbot of our old convent at home, and as he is 90 and as baid as a looking-glass.— Chicago Tribune.

Some of the Disadvantages of Travel.

On the other side, if modern facilities for moving about furnish opportunities for extending our ideas and knowledge, they also lead to superficiality in observation, which lesses in depth and thoroughness what it gains in extent. We travel far in a day, but we see only by glances. Between the beginning of the journey and its appointed end the passenger generally staps only as long as the train, or, at very important sta tions, only over the the next train. What lies between pusses before his vision like a scene in a theatre, or is iost while he sleeps. The guide-books furnish all the information he seeks. For many the number of miles they have traveled over is the most important point. It is evident that nothing useful can come from traveling of this kind. Another undentable result is the neglect of what is near and around us for what is distrot. Many people know more of foreign countries than of their own neighborhoods, consequently their attachment for home is weasened From indifference to disclain is only a step. On this ground are explained the disappearance of old customs. which cave fixedness to social life in the family and the commune, the dissatisfaction with the narrowness of the home, and a relaxation of regard for persons in authority and for older persons, whose experiences, gathered in the narrow home circle, are not allowed to compete with the assumed versatile and superior knowledge of traveled vonth. In a wider circle are thus explained the rapid spread of the fashions and a kind of leveling in life and customs. The new styles, which formerly went out very slowly, now spread quickly through all classes, and the differences between country and city are disappearing. Pagadar Secence Monthly for July

Indian Graves to Order.

So determined, indeed, are some of hese fabricators of frauds, that the following incident is worthy of being published, to show the ingenuity they exercise in their peculiar calling. discover an Indian grave is, of course, a red-letter day for the archicologist Now, Indian graves are manufactured to order, it would appear. At least the following recently occurred in New Jersey: A Philadelphia Flint Jack secured a baif-decayed skeleton from a Potter's field in the vicinity, and placed it in a shallow excavation on the wasting bank of a creek in New Jersey, where Indian relies were fre-quently found. With it he placed a steatite tobacco-pipe of his own make steatite carving of an engle's head, and beads; with these were thrown num bers of genuine arrow-heads and fragments of pottery. The earth was black-ened with powdered charcoal. This "plant" was made in November, and, in the following March, during the prevalence of high waters and local freshets, he announced to an enthusiastic collector that he knew the location of an Indian grave, and offered to take him thither for fifty dollars, the money to be paid if the search proved successful, which of course it dat. The cranium of that Philadelphia pauper passed through several eraniologists hands, and was gravely remarked upon as of unusual interest, as it was a marked dolichocephalic skull, wherea the Delaware Indiana were cephalic!-Dr. Charles U. Popular Science Monthly for July.

The Paris Salon contains 2,488 pictures, 883 drawings of all sorts. 1,067 sculptures, 51 modals and engraved stones, 188 architectural works and 457 frames of engravings, containing probably 1,000 examples; total, 5,134

TOXICS, quickly and completely CLEANSE and ENRICHES THE BLOOD, Quicken the action of the Liver and Eldneys. Clears complexion, makes the sits smooth. It does injure the teeth, cause beadache, or produce stipation—ALL OTHER INDICATES Physicians and Druggists everywhere re-

DR. N. S. RUGGLES, of Marion, Mass., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable tonic for enriching the blood, and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

DR. R. M. DELZELL, Reproides, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Bryon's Iron Bitters in cases of aniemis and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."

Mn. Ww. Byrns. 25. St. Mary St., Mew Orleans, La., says: "I remove the control of the same of blood poisoning, and I heartly commend it to those needing a purifier."

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take ne other. Made only by HRO W. CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMSEE, Mb.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD. Ladies' Hand Book—useful and attractive, con-taining list of prizes for resipes, information about colles, etc., given away by all dealers in medicine, or scalled to any address on recopy of 2c, status.

Father, Mother, and Three Sisters Dead Mr. David Claypool, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms of the New Jersey Senate, and now Notary Public at Cedarville, Cumberland Co., N. J., makes the following startling statement: "My father, mother, and three sisters all died with consumption, and my lungs were so weak I raised blood." Nobody thought I could live. My work (shipthought I could live. My work (ship-smithing)was very straining on me with my weak constitution, and I was rapidly going to the grave. While in this condition I commenced using Mishler's Herb Bitters, and it saved my life. Because it was so difficult to get it in this little place, and I had improved so much, I stopped taking it for a time, and the result is that I have commenced going rapidly down hill again. Somehow, Mishler's Herb Bitters gives appetite and strengthens and builds me up as nothing else does, and I must have a dozen bottles at once. Use this communication as you please, and if any one wants to be convinced of its truth, let them write me and I will make affidavit to it, for I me and I will make affidavit to it, for owe my life to Mishler's Herb Bitters."

The secret of the almost invariable relic and cure of consumption, dysentery, diar rhea, dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney and liver complaints, when Mishler's Hert Bitters is used, is that it contains simple harmless, and yet powerful ingredients that act on the blood, kidneys, and liver and through them strengthens and invigorates the whole system. Purely vegetable in its composition; prepared by a regular physician; a standard medicinal prepara tion; endorsed by physicians and drug-nists. These are four strong points in favor of Mishler's Herb Bitters. Mishler's Herb Hitters is sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00 per large bottle. 6 bottles for \$5.00. Ask your druggist for Michiga's Henn Bittuns If he does not keep it, do not take anything else but and a postal card to Michiga Hean Bittung else but and a postal card to Michigan Hean Bittung Co., 42 Communes Strong, Philadelphia.

INDIGESTION CURED

I suffered for more than five years with indiges tion, scarcely able to retain the simplest food spon my stomach. The burning sensation was most intelerable, and my whole system was de ranged. I was wakeful and could not sleep, and consequently more or less nervous all the time. I declined in flesh, and suffered all the usual deression attendant upon this terrible disease. In word, I was miserable. At last, failing to find relief in anything else, I commenced the use of Swift's Specific. I began to improve at once The medicine timed up the stomach, strengthened the digestive organs, and soon all that burning censed, and I could retain food without difficulty the shape of food, and digest it without the slight est difficulty. I most cheerfully bear this test mony, because there are hundreds suffering as was, and I am sure they can be as readily healed. Take the prescribed dose after eating, instead a before. JAMES MANN, No. 14 Ivy St. Atlanta, Ga., May 13, 1885.

Free From Malaria.

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